

SPEND YOUR MONEY IN HENDERSONVILLE!

The French Broad Hustler.

The Hustler
H A S
The largest cir-
culation of any
paper in its
territory.

The BEST ad-
vertising me-
dium in county
The Hustler is
read by the
PEOPLE

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908

VOL. XVII, No. 4

CRAWFORD AFTER \$40,000.00

PUBLIC BUILDING FOR HENDERSONVILLE!

Representative Crawford Is Urging Congress to Make Appropriation for this Purpose. Free Delivery First Necessary. Everybody Write to Postoffice Department Petitioning Free Delivery. Should Have the United Support of Every Individual and Organization in County

In the House of Representatives, January 13, 1908. Mr. Crawford introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

Authorizing a public building at Hendersonville, North Caro. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to purchase or otherwise acquire a suitable site at Hendersonville, North Carolina, and cause to be erected thereon a suitable public building to accommodate the needs and requirements of the United States post-office at that place, and for other public purposes, at a total cost not to exceed the sum of forty thousand dollars.

January 18, 1908

Editor of Hustler,
Hendersonville, N. C.

Dear Sir:-

At the instance of some of the people of Hendersonville, I have introduced a bill for a Federal Post-office in the town. Whenever you have Free Delivery established, we shall have a fine chance for the post-office.

Very respectfully,
W. T. CRAWFORD.

STRICTLY Personal

W. A. Smith has gone to Raleigh on business.
S. T. Hodges, jr. is in town for a short time.
J. C. Seagle of Rutherfordton was in town Monday.
Dr. Wallace is in South Carolina this week remodeling broken down teeth.
J. B. Merrell, of Gerton, a valued friend of the Hustler, was in town Tuesday.
V. H. Justice is caretaker of the Hotel Wheeler and lives there with his family.
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hobbs have returned from their visit to their old home in Bridgeport, Conn.
Miss Jane Sinclair, Gerton, says: "We would be lonesome without the Hustler."
Phelan Beale, of New York city, brother of the late Jesse D. Beale, was in town last week.
Mrs. Josephine Fuller, nee Miss Gale, will leave within a few days for her Northern home.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Israel were called to Asheville last week by the serious illness of their son, P. H. Israel.
Mrs. Chas. R. Clarke, accompanied by her niece, Miss Hickson, have returned to Pennsylvania where they will rejoin Mr. C. R. Clarke.
J. W. Cairns, an old Henderson county boy, has returned from Pittsburg, Pa., and will open a general merchandise store in the building formerly occupied by P. P. Freeman at the 1st lot.
J. S. Crawford, who had his leg cut off recently by a Southern train, is now able to be out and to walk with the aid of a pair of crutches. Mr. Crawford says he has been most kindly treated by the people of Hendersonville.
P. H. Israel, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Israel, died in Asheville, Saturday morning, at the age of 27 years. He was injured by a fall a few days previous. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon, interment being at Alexander chapel. Mr. Israel was a most estimable young man, and his untimely death is a severe blow to his parents.

Capt. M. C. Toms is feeling much better. He has been quite indisposed.
Flem Brooks and Det. Reese, have gone to Foxaway on a hunting trip.
The arrivals at the Hotel Gates last week numbered 76.
W. C. Rector left on Sunday for Raleigh to attend the special session of the Legislature.
Mrs. B. F. Staggs is seriously ill at her home. It is hardly probable she will recover.
Neptune Buckner and his brother Lee Miller, spent a short time with their parents here, last Friday.
Rev. Mr. Temple will have charge of the Presbyterian Orphanage at Balfour. Mr. Temple will arrive next week with the children.
There are quite a number of subscribers to this paper who will not receive it much longer unless full payment to date is made.
H. W. Allen, of Horse Shoe, has just returned from a trip to South Carolina. Mr. Allen's family has been in that State for the past 6 weeks and will return in a week or so.
BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. J. S. James, a ten-pound boy, on Wednesday at 11:45. Mother and child are both doing well and Mr. James is receiving the congratulations of his many friends.
Mr. William Spence, of Balfour, was in town Saturday. Mr. Spence is one of the largest property owners of Balfour. He came here from Virginia about four years ago, a severe sufferer from rheumatism, which this climate has materially benefited.
The firm of Pace-Flicker Co. is now Flicker Bros., Claude Pace having withdrawn. The new firm will maintain the high reputation already established, and solicits the patronage of those who want strictly high-class groceries. Their store is one of the most attractive in town.
The organization of the Rebecca Lodge will take place in the Odd Fellows' Hall, opposite the court house, on Friday, and everyone interested in joining should see Mrs. C. R. Whitaker or C. E. Brooks between now and Friday night.
FOR RENT—Unfurnished, a six-room cottage on Fleming Ave., opposite Capt. Wofford's. Close to Main street. Apply to S. Maxwell, at Burekmyer Bros.

WEDDED AT LAST!

Love's Devotion Receives Its Reward

In the Presence of a Large and Enthusiastic Assembly C. C. Hyder Forsakes His Bachelorhood Forever.

"Well, well, an' so Lum Hyder's no longer a bachelor. They tell me he was married last Sunday afternoon. Was you invited?"
"No, mam, I wasn't invited, but I went, just the same. I aint like Henry Justice. I asked Henry if he was goin' to the weddin', and Henry, he shifted his weight to his other foot, and said: 'No, I aint agoin nowhere where I aint invited.' And I 'spect Lum felt real hurt that Henry wasn't there."
"But it seemed like everybody in town most was on hand and Squire Morrow, he looked real nervous. The Squire aint uster these weddins in high life and said it was a long-to-be-remembered occasion as the man remarked when the mule kicked him."
"Lum was married at his own house, about a mile from town, on the Clear Creek road. He done got the marriage license on Saturday, and Miss Juno Morris and Mr. Sam King they fixed up a real nice one. Lum paid for it mostly in coppers and nickels, they say. Then Lum, he went to Hunters and got two bars of soap an' a hair brush an' a comb and killed two chickens and said he was plum ready. He met his wife about three weeks ago, an' the dog's been tied at 6 o'clock every night for the past two weeks. Her name's Murray, Rosie Murray, an' she's 18 years old. Lum says he's 28, and a real good-hearted man, too, whose got lots of friends here."
"You know what a beautiful day it was? All the snow was gone. The sky was without a cloud. The air 'was just that clear you could almost seem to reach out and touch Pinnacle, even if it was seven miles away. All the mountains wore their brightest blue, with here an' there a touch of white where the snow, high up on their peaks, still lingered. As the sun was just that warm and bright, an' the birds a-singin', an' the wind softly whispering through them old pine trees on Joe Holbert's hill near Lum's place, that it made me feel real content with everybody, and I said to Jim, I said, 'twas a real solemn thing to get married, an' he grunted an' said 'twas a good deal somelamer thing for a girl

not to get married.
"As the horses were turning in to that road past Mr. Maxwell's, I just remarked to my old man that it seemed like the whole world was glad that Lum had found a partner for his life's joys and sorrows. An' he said, 'Y-s, mostly sorrows, I reckon.' But then he's been a-sufferin' from indigestion for some time past, and aint feelin' right well, an' I told him to get some of Will Garren's medicine."
"Why don't I stop talkin' an' tell you about the weddin', you say?"
"Well, aint I tellin' you fast as I can? There aint anything to tell, nohow. Lum, he's married, an' that's all they is to it. Squire Morrow officiated, as they say about the funerals, an' the house was plum full of folks."
"I noticed pretty nearly every young man in town there, an' about twenty of 'em come a-horse-back. Lum an' his wife sat behind a sheet drawn across one corner of the room, an' when they come out they jest kept a-holdin' one another's hands. Mr. L. W. Walker, he was Lum's best man, you know, he had to go up an' separate 'em an' show 'em just how. The bride's sister remarked that Mr. Walker was the best lookin' man thar, but I dunno as I can subscribe to that."

"The slope in front of Lum's house was just covered with folks. Never saw so many before in my life, seems like. Lum an' his bride stood at the bottom of the hill, an' there in the glad sunshine with all outdoors for a church, they was jined together, an' I said I dunno but what that was better after all than even in a church, maybe."

"When the ceremony was done finished some one come to the door an' called out that dinner was ready, so Lum an' his wife went in the house an' the rest of us turned our faces homeward. They do say, however, that the Squire an' the best man, Mr. Walker, both expected to be invited to stay to dinner, an' were right smartly disappointed when they wasn't asked. But I dunno about that as I didn't get to ask either one of 'em, but I noticed they both looked kinder hungry an' disappointed."

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Home Will be Located Somewhere:

? WHY ? NOT ? HERE ?

Proper Effort Will Bring the Great Orphanage to Hendersonville.

Sad Accident, Very.

John Brooks, son of Tax Collector C. E. Brooks is, or was, the proud possessor of a rifle. John saw a turkey in a neighbor's yard. Looked again. Still there. Drew the rifle to his shoulder. Aimed carefully. A flash, a puff of smoke, and the turkey dropped dead in its tracks.
But what happened to John afterwards? Ah, 'tis too sad, too sad to repeat. Don't let's talk of it anymore.

Crossties Wanted!

D. S. Pace, at the depot, will buy all the crossties you have or can get. See him if you have ties for sale.

Thirty Trains.

Last Sunday, from seven in the morning to seven at night, thirty trains passed through Hendersonville over the Southern. This breaks all previous records of train movements on the A. & S. division.

Death of Mr. Jesse A. Staton.

At his home in Blue Ridge township in this county, on the 10th inst., Mr. J. A. Staton, who had lived to the good old age of "three score and ten years," was relieved from a protracted season of illness by "the event that awaiteth all the living."

On Friday afternoon, attended by a large gathering of relatives and sympathizing friends the body was removed from his late residence to Refuge Baptist church, the place where, for many years, Mr. Staton and family had been accustomed to worship.

And amid testimonials of submission to the will of "Him who gave, and who hath taken away," a brief funeral service was conducted. Rev. G. S. Jones, officiating. And under the care of director J. M. Stepp, the casket was deposited in the church yard cemetery.

Messrs. T. C. Garrett, J. G. Justice, Luther Ward, Sam Jones, James Ward and Gowan King, serving as pall-bearers.

For Sale at Public Outcry!

A fine residence on Park avenue, just out of town, less than two miles from Main street.

The owner of the G. M. Guice place, about nine acres, beautiful elevation, fine grove, splendid view, unequalled situation, is going to Virginia, and to go must sell and sell at once. To accomplish this, he has authorized the Wanteeska Trust Company to advertise and sell same to the highest bidder at the court house door, in Hendersonville, on Saturday, February 15th, 1908, together with household and kitchen furniture sufficient for eight-room house. Sale to commence at 11 a. m. and continue until all is gone.

Terms cash. Purchaser can arrange to carry a part of the purchase price of real estate, if he desires.

Remember that this property when put up, will go to the bidder. No by-bidders. Everything straight goods. An examination of this old picturesque, park-like homestead will excite your admiration. See it and then be at the sale.

THE WANTEESKA TRUST COMPANY.

Sidewalks.

Opposition to the proposed sidewalks seems to be gradually fading away. The long-time payments makes this much-desired improvement easy on Main street property owners. A certain well-known local contractor has offered to do the work and take his pay in bonds. Cement is almost one-third lower now than it was six months ago or probably will be six months from now, so it looks as though now were the accepted time to make a contract.

Boy Wanted

Boy wanted to work around house. Apply Hustler office. Good home to right boy.

THIS BUSY TOWN!

Tell the world about Hendersonville.

Judge Pace if suffering from the grippe.

IS it true that "all policemen have big feet?"

How would free delivery of mail seem in Hendersonville?

A big government building for Hendersonville would help some!

Buncombe county sold \$40,000 worth of bonds, last week, for 104, in Chicago.

Write the postoffice department that you want free mail delivery in Hendersonville.

The police officers are thinking about giving up their jobs. There's absolutely nothing doing.

Work for the government building Congressman Crawford is trying to get for Hendersonville.

The Horse Shoe correspondent has a timely word about NONsense in contributions to this paper.

Warrants are being issued by the police on dog owners who have not paid their tax. It costs \$1.95 extra at least, this way.

J. F. Livingston, of Fletcher, was in town this week, and says the farmers are already beginning to get ready for their spring work.

Two basket ball teams, comprised of young men of the town, have been organized and meet at the city rink for practice. No one killed yet.

Rebecca Lodge will be organized here Friday night. A number from Asheville will be present, amongst them Dr. McBrayer and Mr. Jeanerette. Mrs. Chas. R. Whitaker has been organizing the Lodge.

LOST—Four months' old black dog, weight about 70 lbs, from the Wheeler Hotel stables. Reward if returned to V. H. Justice, city, or will call and get it if you will notify me.

The Wanteeska Trust Co. have a sign over their banking house which reads: "Headquarters for strangers, bureau of information. Walk in. We will handle your money and land, will go your bond, will find what you want and get it for you."

It is said the Southern Railway will install an electric pump to force water into their watering tank at the depot. It costs now about \$8 per day to pump the water from Mud Creek. The new apparatus, it is said, will cost about \$40 per month.

It is said a bear has been seen several times near the reservoir. H. O. Duffy, who has been doing some plumbing in a house out that way, describes the bear as being, oh, so big! And just so dreadfully fierce you wouldn't hardly believe it, so you wouldn't, unless you saw him—the bear—not Mr. Duffy.

Mascart, the Asheville fruit dealer, who kept \$4,000 in his store, and was robbed of it all, should be a horrible example to those who keep even a small sum of money in the house. The banks are the places for savings. Absolute security and interest paid against loss of interest and no security. And it is strange how quickly it becomes known that a certain man has a sum of money hoarded in his house, where it becomes a constant temptation to the lawless.

The water meters are here, 100 of 'em, and work of installing them will begin soon. The consumers will have a long time in which to pay their share of the expense. Water will not be charged under the new system until about June first. The idea seems to be more popular every day, as it becomes more generally understood by the people.

R. M. Oates will have the job of reading the meters—that's just in his line.

The orphan asylum of the W. N. C. Conference of the Methodist church, will probably go to that town which makes the best proposition to the committee.

Of course other considerations will have weight with the committee, such as healthfulness, accessibility, water, etc.

In many respects Hendersonville is by far the most desirable location for this children's home.

Its practically absolute freedom from all contagious diseases, its superb drainage, its water of high medicinal value, the dry and bracing atmosphere, freedom from fogs, its magnificent scenery, make its claims unapproachable by any other part of the state.

There will be from 500 to 700 children cared for in the orphanage.

The average expenditure per child will surely be not less than \$50 per year.

This means from \$25,000 to \$35,000 a year.

Then there's the enormous expenditure for buildings, laying off the surrounding grounds, and a thousand other details.

The location of this great charitable institution in Henderson county would benefit every citizen of the county.

Here is something tangible, something definite, which may be had if the proper effort is made.

That orphanage is going to be located SOMEWHERE—why not HERE?

What public spirited citizen will head a subscription list to buy the land necessary?

Hendersonville has made surprising efforts in the past—why not NOW when there's a great advantage to be reaped by that effort?

Death of J. M. Maxwell

J. M. Maxwell died at his home, at Holly Springs, on Tuesday night, at 7 o'clock. The funeral occurred today at 3 o'clock, at Mills River Chapel, Rev. Battle conducting the services. Mr. Maxwell was the son of A. L. Maxwell, and had been a patient sufferer for the past two years. He was 31 years of age, and a most exemplary young man. He was one of nine children, and was the nephew of Mrs. L. E. Freeman and Mrs. S. A. Israel, of this city.

Zeb Vance and the Ministry.

It was the heart's desire of Zeb Vance's mother that he become a preacher. That well-beloved son of North Carolina approved not of his mother's sacrifices that he might be educated to preach the Word, and determined to return home and go to work.

"No, mother," said he, "I cannot become a Baptist preacher, for I am not a good enough man."

"Well," replied she, "you could be a Methodist minister, then."

"But I am not good enough to preach to Methodists, either, I feel sure."

"Be a Presbyterian, then," she insisted.

"No, I am not good enough for the Presbyterians either, mother."

"You say you are not good enough to become a Baptist preacher, or a Methodist, or even a Presbyterian. Well, my son," anxiously, "there's nothing else to do then. You will have to become an Episcopalian!"

And yet no advertising out!

There are many requests for an "old maid's contest."

The Hustler has the Governor's message in full. Nothing is too good for our readers—when they pay up.

The City Skating Rink is being well patronized. Over 50 skaters were on the floor last night.

The new office building is rapidly nearing completion, and will certainly be a handsome edifice when finished.

Hendersonville will feel its lack of proper advertising next summer. The matter should be printed and sent out to different points by March first—not later. Nothing yet has been done.